

maybe you're in my life, but in case you're not, this day I am inviting you into my life as Savior and Lord." From here on in you can have the joy that comes with knowing that you are in the family of God.

**JESUS
CHRIST:
HOPE
OF THE
WORLD**

5

**SAMUEL H.
MOFFETT**

I spent two years once in communist China. I couldn't get out. Day and night it was dinned into me that the hope of the world is Mao Tse-tung. A large part of the communist world believes it. Then suddenly I was arrested, given a kind of people's trial, found guilty of embezzlement and thrown out of China. What a joy to be back in the free world. But a niece of mine, who ought to know because she had just graduated from college, soon told me that there is absolutely no hope for the world anymore. She had been reading ecology. Now that, too, is false, but a large part of the free world believes it. So I have most of the world against me, I am afraid, when I say to you that there is hope for the world, and that hope is in no other name, in nothing else, but Jesus Christ. I have that on the authority of the Word of God.

Trace hope through the Scriptures, as I have done, and it will soon be abundantly clear to you that "Jesus Christ: Hope of the World" is more than a slogan. It is the theme of the whole Bible.

From the Old Testament's "Why art thou cast down, O my soul? . . . Hope thou in God" (Ps. 42:5) to the New Testament's "Christ in you, the hope of glory" (Col. 1:27); from the *symbols* of hope, the "anchor of the soul" (Heb. 6:19) and the "helmet of the hope of salvation" (1 Thess. 5:8), to the signs of hope—the sign of the rainbow in the book of Genesis and the signs of his coming again in the book of Revelation—from beginning to end the Bible is flooded with the iridescent light of the Christian's hope.

So my heart was warmed by the encouragements of the promises of God. Then Johan, a young German student, dropped in to see me. I had known him five years ago as a high-school exchange student in Korea. Now he has graduated from college and has taken a job in Berlin as a high-school teacher. But before he began teaching he wanted to see Korea again, so he came back and we talked. He is a little apprehensive about his job. He is not a practicing Christian. He wants to get married. "But no children," he said firmly, and he went on to tell me why. "I don't want to bring any children into a world like this," he said. And he spoke of wickedness and corruption, pollution and despair, and loss of human hope in a way that put a chill into me.

In the face of his loss of hope, and all the good reasons he has for losing hope, how realistic are my reasons for holding on to hope? It is not enough to stand up and shout, "Jesus Christ is the Hope of the World." It is not enough for Christians to peer out hopefully at this incredibly bad world through our happy little stained-glass church windows and delude ourselves into thinking that our pretty colors will make the world all right. If Jesus Christ is going to be the hope of the world, we have to begin with the world as it really is, and hope as it really is, and Jesus Christ as he really is. Slogans are not enough. The words have got to focus on things believably real, or we remain as self-deluded as a Red Guard in China with his communist chants and his Chairman Mao.

So to avoid dreams, wishful thinking and a bad headache or worse when we wake up, let us stay as close as possible to things as they are, and let me make three simple observations about Christian hope:

First, if we begin with the world as it is, we must admit with

Johan that there really is not much hope left. There never is, without Christ.

Second, let me point out that to be realistic, hope must reckon with *all* of reality—not just the cramping facts of a dismal present. Jesus Christ gives us a hope with a future.

Finally, I must remind you of your part in this hope. If Christ is the Hope of the World, and not just a little private hope for you and me, we must get out into the world with that hope. Christ gives us hope with a mission.

The World as It Is: Hopeless

Begin, then, with the world as it is—pretty hopeless. What Dante once wrote over the entrance of hell could be written today over the whole world: "Abandon hope, all you who enter here." That is how Johan seemed to feel. That is why he wanted no children. God gave us a paradise, and we have made it a hell.

The physical facts alone are enough to terrify the imagination. The human race is running out of heat, out of food, out of water—out of just about everything, in fact, but people. The oil crisis is only the latest, and far from the most serious, in a whole series of shocks that have tumbled man out of all his early twentieth-century dreams of inevitable progress. A man who works for one of the largest oil companies in the world told me that even if the earth were a hollow globe and were completely filled with oil—which, of course, it isn't—even then, at the present rate of increasing consumption, we would be completely out of oil in less than seventy years, that is, by the year 2040.

Even before that, by 1990, they say, the United States may be facing a more alarming shortage. We may run out of food. It seems impossible, I know. America has been the wonder of the world, feeding itself with more than enough to eat yet using only about 7% of its population in agricultural production. Most of the world puts 50% of its people on the land, and still cannot feed the rest. But now even America may be coming to the end of the food boom. Without intensive food research, says Dr. Parks, president of Iowa State, in twenty years America, too, will be hungry, just like all the rest of the world. And the worst shortage of all may still be yet to come—water. The world's water table, its

reserves of fresh water, are steadily and dangerously draining away. Deserts are eating again into the green earth. In North Africa alone, along the Sahara, millions may die in 1974.

What happened to the bright new world we thought we were building a generation or two ago? The scientists and the poets promised us that progress was "the distinctive mark of man" (Browning). We are the most knowledgeable generation in the history of the world. Is this all that we can do with our vaunted technology, build another Tower of Babel boobytrapped on every rising level with nuclear weapons capable of annihilating all mankind? We have wasted the good earth the Lord has given us, polluted his clear air, fouled the streams and brooks so badly that fish turn belly up and die. Our cities are a stink and a disgrace. In Tokyo, authorities have begun to warn the Japanese that if things go on as they are, in another twelve years they will be able to collect the garbage only once every three months.¹

Let me jolt you with one last deadly statistic. John Hannah, outgoing administrator of our government's Agency for International Development (AID), says that one-half of all the children born into the world this year will never live to see their sixth birthday.²

Look at the world as it really is, and, if you look only at the world, don't babble about hope. It reminds me of Auden's somber lines on human despair:

The glacier knocks in the cupboard
The desert sighs in the bed,
And the crock in the teacup opens
A lane to the land of the dead.³

"No children," says my German friend. Not in this kind of world.

Now strangely enough, considering the fact that we are talking about Christian hope, the Bible does not directly dispel such pessimism. It holds out no great hope for this earth as such. "The earth shall perish," says the Old Testament (Ps. 102:25-26). It will be "burned up," adds the New (2 Pet. 3:10).

Some years ago the German theologian Professor Edmund Schlink of Heidelberg University shocked an ecumenical conference which had gathered to consider the same optimistic

theme which is ours tonight, "Jesus Christ, the Hope of the World." He said,

If in our thinking about this subject we place the emphasis on the preservation of this threatened world, we shall miss the point. If we expect Christ to ensure this world so that men may continue undisturbed their pursuit of liberty, may carry on their business, and seek an improvement in their standard of living, then Christ is not the hope of the world, but rather the end of all the world's hopes.⁴

In the Bible, he went on to point out, the coming of Christ as the hope of the world means also the end of the world as we know it now.

The World with Christ: Hope with a Future

If the world is as hopeless as it looks, and if, on top of that, the Bible says it is doomed, what do we mean when we say, "Jesus Christ is the Hope of the World"? To understand that, we must ask what Christians mean by hope, and how it is connected with Jesus Christ.

When people tell me that my Christian hope is unrealistic, I tell them that the trouble is not with my hope, but with their reality. Their reality is too small. They are so petrified by the present that they forget the past and the future. They are so busy looking at the world that they never look up to see God. Of course, in that kind of a world there is no hope. But one of the most important lessons in the whole Bible is that hope is not confined to any one point in space or time. It is tied to a person, Jesus Christ, and it is forever. "Jesus Christ is the same yesterday and today and forever" (Heb. 13:8).

Things do look rather bad these days. But they have been worse. If you have given up hope because today is so bad, look back about 1900 years. The darkest day the world has ever known was not Watergate, My Lai or Hiroshima. It was the day Gentiles and Jews took the Hope of the World, Jesus Christ, and stripped him, beat him and killed him on a cross. The dead shuddered and hell broke loose, and for one agonizing instant, a moment never to be repeated, the whole human race was utterly and completely, God-forsakenly lost. "My God, my God,

why have you forsaken me?" came a cry from the cross, from Christ, the second Adam.

But God took that most hopeless of all days and made it the hinge of history, not its end. He is always doing the happily unexpected. Unlike human history, which always seems to turn out bad just when it begins to look good, God's salvation history is at its best when things look worst.

Look at the depressing story of man's hopes. It reads like a bad joke, one of those "That's good, no that's bad" jokes. Centuries ago the Chinese discovered a new source of energy, gunpowder. That's good. No, that's bad. Gunpowder kills people. A few hundred years later the Americans discovered a new source of energy, oil. That's good. Oil doesn't kill people. No, that's bad. It pollutes, it kills the world, and besides, we're running out of it. Well, here's good news anyway: We now have an ever better source of energy, nuclear fission. No, even that is bad. It kills people faster than gunpowder and pollutes more lethally than oil.

There is nothing wrong, of course, with man's discoveries—the more the better. And there is nothing wrong with each new hope as such, except that this kind of hope is anchored to man and not to God; and man without God takes each new shining discovered hope and turns it into an engine of his own destruction. That is his curse. Man's hope lies in the fact that God does just the opposite. He takes the worst and uses it to save. He took death, the ultimate instrument of man's destruction, and conquered it, defused it. He raised Jesus Christ from the dead and the disciples saw him, and even doubting Thomas touched him and at last believed. He who was dead lives, and that makes Jesus Christ the Hope of the World. He gives us a future to live for, not just a present to die in.

The real trouble with the world is not that it is running out of physical resources, but that it is running out of hope. And it is running out of hope because it puts its hope in the wrong thing, in physical resources, for example, which is not where hope belongs. Did you hear Mrs. Meir's rather wry remark some weeks ago: "Our forefather Moses led our people for forty years through the wilderness, and then settled in the only part of the

Middle East without any oil." But Moses was absolutely right. He followed God. It was not oil that made Canaan the Promised Land, not even milk and honey—but the promise, God's promise that in Abraham should all the world be blessed. He gave Israel a hope, and the Hope of Israel has made that tiny nation indestructible. It refuses to die.

By contrast, too much of our part of the world has given up hope and seems all too ready to die. Part of the reason, I think, is that the most popular philosophy of our time takes away the future, takes away hope, and thereby takes away the human will to live. "Only the now is real," says the secular existentialist. But if that is so, as the more honest existentialists like Camus admit, there is really no purpose in going on living. Think clearly, he urges, and do "not hope any more."⁵ I respect his integrity, but I am not attracted by his squirrel-cage philosophy. It leads to surrender, to suicide, to death.

They say that about 500,000 people, half a million, will try to commit suicide in the United States in 1974, and the U.S. is not even in the top ten of the "suicide countries." It ranks seventeenth.⁶ What's worse, people don't even care any more. When the 500th suicide leaped off the Golden Gate Bridge earlier this year, San Francisco newspapers asked their readers if the city should put up a better guard rail. Readers wrote in seven to one against it. It would spoil the view! That is what happens when only the now is real.

I prefer the radical realism of the Christian faith. It does not deny the present. It faces it. It faces all the despairing realities of the now with hope because it sees them in the balancing perspective of the equally true realities of the past and the future. Hope begins with what God did that day on Calvary 1900 years ago, and it never ends. Hope is eternal. Hope is life forever for them that believe. Hope is the promise that he will come again. However the world may end—and let's not pretend to know more about that than the Bible unambiguously teaches—it ends with Christ's victory for man, and not with man's annihilation of man. It ends with hope, and that is not an end.

*O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,*

*Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home.*

The World and Christ and You: Hope with a Mission

But I must make one final, important point. When some Christians sing that great hymn, the 110th Psalm, they manage to miss one of the key points about Christian hope, namely, that hope carries with it a mission. It is not just a bomb shelter, a safe and future home. It is all that, yes, but more. If as Christians all we have to say is, "There's no hope for the world, and the sooner you are out of it the better. So die and receive the hope laid up for you in heaven"—if that is our gospel, it deserves all the scorn that the communists heap upon it with their caricature, "Pie in the sky by-and-by."

God sent hope into the world not by taking Christians out, but by sending the missionary in, his Son. Jesus is the Hope of the World not simply because he calls us to glory. He is the Hope of the World because he left that glory and became hungry with the hungry to feed them, and weak with the sick to heal them, and condemned with the oppressed to overcome for them.

"To the poor," said Gandhi, "God can only appear as bread and butter." But isn't that precisely how God did appear? He came in the flesh, and he said, "I am bread." True, he went on to explain to his disciples the spiritual truth that he is the bread of life, but it was not eternal life he divided that day among the multitudes by Galilee. It was bread. Don't take the meat and the wheat out of the Christian hope.

If food is short, the Christian agriculturalist had better join the search for another miracle grain like the Philippine and Pakistan rice that raised food production five times over and gave Asia the beginning of what is called the "green revolution." Christ fed the multitudes. If you are a physicist, why should it be beneath you as a Christian to get out and look for oil or for alternative sources of energy? One of God's forgotten miracles had to do with oil. Look up the miracle of the olive oil in 2 Kings 4.

To get closer home, if you are a comfortable white, you had better get a little uncomfortable about racial injustice, or don't make the mistake of going as a missionary to Africa. Racism is a

sin, one of the deadliest—or have you forgotten that the parable of the Good Samaritan is not just a sweet little story about helping people who get beaten up by thieves? It is a blast against the sin of racism—Jews against Samaritans. But incidentally, if I may speak for a moment as an Asian, if you are a comfortable black you had better get uncomfortable about black discrimination against Asians in Africa. No race has any corner on racism. "All have sinned, and fall short of the glory of God."

Let me put the needle in once more. If you are an American, black or white or yellow or brown, you had better ask yourself as a Christian whether it is quite right for a country with only 6% of the world's population to seize for itself 35% of the whole world's annual production. Ron Seaton of India tells me that if the rest of the world used up materials at the rate the United States does, we would devour six times as much as the world can even produce in a year. It is a sad comment on the free world that we are better at producing wealth but the communists are better at distributing it. One part of the missionary calling in our time may well be a voluntary reduction of our overinflated standard of living, so that those who have never had enough may finally get their fair share. They can, you know. That is part of our hope.

Edward Rogers, in his book *Poverty on a Small Planet*, makes a convincing case for the hope that even with the way we have wasted them the world can provide the raw materials and the energy to give its ever-increasing population a decent standard of living. But he adds, "Whether the standard is attained or not depends on the will of man, not on the niggardliness of Nature."⁷ I wish he had not stopped there. If it depends on the will of man, we are still back in the squirrel cage. We will botch it up. We always have.

Remember Auden's poem about the crack in the teacup widening and a "lane to the land of the dead"? Its title is "We'd rather be ruined than changed." Auden was a Christian. He saw men choosing ruin, but he knew that man can also choose to be changed. The change is Christ. And that, too, makes him the Hope of the World. He changes people, and people can change the world—physically, not just spiritually.

Some people remember Antioch only as the church where the evangelistic world mission began. I like to remember that in church history it is also famous as the church with a changed heart—a heart for social action. Its welfare program supported 3,000 widows; it had relief for the unemployed, a daily bread line and even a used-clothes department.

Two weeks ago I attended services in the greatest missionary church I know, the Younngnak Presbyterian Church in Seoul. Twenty-six years ago it had twenty-seven members, a handful of bedraggled refugees from North Korea. Today more than ten thousand people almost fight their way to get into the church every Sunday. They have to relay the service over closed-circuit TV to the overflow crowds. They even have instantaneous translation into English with earphones for heathen American tourists who wander in, wondering what all the action is about. They support forty evangelists to carry the gospel to unreached villages. They have sent missionaries to Thailand and Formosa and even as far away as Ethiopia. It is no accident that they also have orphanages, widows' homes, an employment service, family counseling and even a used-clothes offering like Antioch. No part of the life of the people is beyond the heart concern of that missionary church. When occasion demands, it has even been known to talk back to the Korean government.

But—and let me stress the but—let's not distort the gospel the other way either. That church calls itself the Younngnak Church, which, in Korean, means the Church of Everlasting Joy. It does not call itself the Church of Full Employment. It knows that the greater dimensions of the Christian hope are not temporal, but eternal. Our hope is the hope of salvation.

For the Christian church to settle for any lesser hope, whether by technological advance or by social action, is a betrayal of the faith and no ultimate service to the human race. Finding enough food, water and oil, or even justice, to keep this world going and saying that that is enough is like throwing a life preserver to a man who has fallen overboard from an ocean liner, but not bothering to stop and pick him up. It may keep him from drowning, but he will still die from the wind or the sun or the sharks. This is not to say that it is no part of the rescue to throw him the

life preserver. It is. It may be the only thing that keeps him alive to be rescued. But what finally counts is picking him up and taking him aboard. So with our mission. Anything less than salvation from sin and incorporation into the family of God, his church, is what Jacques Ellul would call "the false presence of the Kingdom." There is a deeper hunger than the physical, a hunger and a thirst that only Christ can satisfy. Social action is not evangelism, and as a substitute for evangelism it is a temptation of the devil. "Turn these stones into bread." And Jesus said, "No. Man does not live by bread alone" (Mt. 4:3-4).

When the world is dying as inexorably and far more permanently from lack of the "living bread" as from all its other hungers combined, and when that makes world evangelism the greatest missionary challenge of all, why is it that so many Christians are saying that the day of the missionary is past?

Some people rationalize it: "We've already done our part. We sent the missionaries. They've established the church. There's a church now in every corner of the globe—an African church in Africa, Indonesian in Indonesia, Korean in Korea. They'll finish the task. Our part is over." So they turn on the TV.

Others just throw up their hands: "The whole thing is hopeless. The missionary has failed. Look at what happened. It's been almost 200 years since William Carey exploded the modern missionary movement around the world, and what are the results? There are more non-Christians in the world today than when we started."

Now which way do you want it? You cannot have it both ways. Is it because we have succeeded or because we have failed that we do not need the foreign missionary any more? Logically speaking, in both arguments the premise is true but the conclusion is false. We have succeeded and we have failed, but this world still needs the missionary, and, praise God, the Lord of Hope and the Lord of the Harvest still sends them out.

What are the facts? Is it true that because we have been so successful at putting the church in every land that those lands now no longer need outsiders like us as missionaries? That's not biblical; it's not historical; it's not even kind. In Christ there are no outsiders. To think so is racist. Christ's body is international.

There was a church in Rome, but Paul the missionary went to Rome. There was a church already in England, but Augustine went to Canterbury, and he changed the whole history of Christianity in England. To argue against sending outsiders to places where the church already exists is like saying to Inter-Varsity, "There is already a church in Massachusetts so keep out of Harvard."

But in some ways my primary objection is that it is not practical. The decision to be a foreign missionary, which is what I am talking about, is not a spiritual decision at all. Of course, to the Christian, all decisions are, in a way, spiritual. But my spiritual decision, the release of my own ambitions, telling the Lord I was ready to go, sent me to North Dakota. Going overseas, going to China—there was nothing spiritual about that. It was a purely practical, common-sense decision. Where would I be most useful? Where was I most needed? Looking at the world as a practical Christian, other things being equal, and remembering that the field is people not geography, shouldn't somebody go where there are fewer Christians and more people than where there are less people and more Christians? Remember Bill Borden's illustration, ten people carrying a log, nine at the little end and one staggering at the heavy end. If you want to help, to which end do you go? That is not a spiritual decision.

What about the other objection: We have already failed? There are more non-Christians today than when we started. Again, that is partly true. The log is getting heavier all the time, more non-Christians in the world every year. And if by failure you mean we have not converted the world, we have failed. But that is not our mission. We don't convert, the Lord does. Our task is evangelism, which is just telling the hopeless, all the hopeless, that there is hope and who the hope is. It's an equal opportunity program, not spiritual social security. But we are not very equal about it. Most of the world lives in Asia and Africa, and we still keep 80% of the world's Christians right here in the West. I am speaking statistically, of course. Only God knows where the Christians really are. Latin America has deceived itself into thinking it is 90% Christian, and you people in North America and Europe are just as bad. Asia, by contrast—more than half

of all the world's people—is even statistically only 2% Christian. There is our real failure.

But there is nothing hopeless about it. For one thing, we could send more missionaries not less to where most of the non-Christians are, that is, overseas to Asia and Africa. That would take away some of the inequity. We could send them to where the opportunities are, to Korea, to Indonesia. There is nothing unChristian about success. It is perfectly biblical to go where the harvests are white. We could also send some to where the greatest needs are most unmet. Ralph Winter of Fuller Seminary points out in the *Evangelical Missions Quarterly* that most of the world's non-Christians are still in three immense, virtually unpenetrated blocks of people: the Chinese, the Muslims and the Hindus.⁸ Just those three blocks number about two billion people, about half the world, and only 5% of the world's 50,000 Protestant missionaries are trying to reach them.

Yes, we have failed. But who says we are beaten? There are signs of miracle and breakthrough everywhere. If you are really discouraged, come to Korea. I will show you a church growing so fast that it doubles the number of Christians every ten years, growing four times as fast as the general population. Talk about the caricature of the missionary treading the burning sands, converting a cannibal now and then—my work as missionary takes me to an office on the eighth floor of the Christian Center Building just off the subway in one of the ten largest cities in the world, a city which has 1,500 Protestant churches. Whole new battalions of missionaries are arising from there. If you North Americans do not get around to the unfinished task, the Koreans will.

There are 3,000 missionaries from the Third World, according to one count, who are already in the work, and no one can tell them it won't work. They're not listening. They have heard the Lord Jesus Christ, the Lord of the Universe, the Hope of the World, and he says "Behold I have set before thee an open door, and no man can close it."

Look at Africa. Ten years ago they told us we were losing Africa to the Muslims. Today we know that it is not the Muslims but the Christians who are sweeping that continent. David

Barrett tells us that Africa is not just the 17% Christian we thought it was, but 40% Christian and growing so fast, thanks to the amazing indigenous spread of African Christianity. By the year 2000 Africa will have 350 million Christians, which is more Christians than there are people in Africa today.⁹ Don't you believe the mission has failed—it is just beginning!

Even this wonderful explosion of the faith, however, is not what makes Jesus the Hope of the World. It was not in Korea where everything is going so wonderfully that I learned my most indelible lesson in hope. It was in China, where things are most hopeless.

As I said, I was arrested, charged with embezzlement, thrown out of the country. When they told me to get out, they said I could take \$100 in American money. So I rushed home but could not find \$100 in American money. I had signed a letter—they had made me sign it—that by permission I was taking \$100 in American money out of the country, and all I could find was \$97. In my upset condition I began to think it was all a deep communist plot. Somehow they knew I had only \$97 so they made me sign a letter that I was taking \$100. It was not true, but it worried me, and I was worried all the way to the station, all the way to Shanghai, all the way to Canton.

On the way to the station, two missionaries with the China Inland Mission, Mr. and Mrs. Guinness, came to me and made a request, "Won't you take our son with you when you go? We can't get out; we don't know if we'll ever get out, but we want him to; and he doesn't need any letter of permission."

I replied, "Yes, we'll take Oswald." So he came along.

All the way I began worrying more and more about the missing three dollars. I was waiting for them to seize me, search me and accuse me—"You bribed your way out. Where's the missing three dollars?"—and throw me back into jail. We arrived in Canton. They went through our bags and our luggage, and then they began on our bodies.

Oswald came up and asked, "Are they going to examine me like that?"

I said, "Yes, Oswald, but what difference does it make? They're looking for American money, and you don't have any."

"But I have some American money."

"How much do you have?"

"I have three dollars."

Now don't misunderstand me. I don't believe in God because of any measly three-dollar miracle. My hope does not depend on that kind of intervention by God. What of others who were not able to get out? If there was no such miracle, is there no hope for them? Theirs is a far greater miracle, the miracle of faith and trust and hope even when God's answer is No. My kind is for the weak, and at that point I was weak indeed. I think the good Lord must have looked down and said, "I can't let a missionary of mine stumble out of China like that, tired and discouraged and almost on the verge of nervous collapse." So he chose to minister to my weakness and used a very little thing to remind me that he is still God, and he was still there.

That is the ultimate ground of all hope. Jesus is Lord of the Universe and Hope of the World. Reverse the phrases. He is the Hope of the World precisely because he is Lord of the Universe. If you know that, you will not need little miracles like mine. You will be able to say with David Livingstone, "Without him not one step. With him—anywhere!" He is our hope.

Notes

¹Korea Times, November 1, 1973.

²Quoted in Korea Times, September 30, 1973.

³Quoted in Time, October 8, 1973, pp. 113-14.

⁴Quoted in The Evonston Report (New York: Harpers, 1955), p. 20.

⁵Quoted in Jurgen Moltmann, *Theology of Hope* (New York: Harper & Row, 1967), p. 23.

⁶Newsweek, October 29, 1973, p. 41.

⁷Edward Rogers, *Poverty on a Small Planet* (New York: Macmillan, 1965), p. 75.

⁸Ralph Winter, "Seeing the Task Graphically," *Evangelical Missions Quarterly*, January 1974.

⁹David Barrett, "A D 2000. 350 Million Christians in Africa," *International Review of Missions*, January 1970.

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